Top-Form Wycombe Humble Oxford To Win AFA Cup

Wycombe Wanderers 5, Oxford City 0

THOUGHT to become the occasion for a battle to the death between old and evenly-matched rivals, the Amateur Football Alliance Invitation Cupfinal at Loakes Park on Wednesday rapidly turned into a demonstration of the soccer graces by top-form Wycombe Wanderers.

Pushing the ball to each other with almost casual ease, Wy-combe ran through the tattered City defence at will and goal-keeper Staniland, unlucky chap, had about as much cover as a Soho fan dancer.

TOMLIN A HERO

Two men robbed Oxford of their pride and poise—Cliff Trott, who scored a majestic hat-trick and was always rumbling goalwards in search of more, and Paul Bates, excelling in his now familiar wandering centre-forward role and featuring in four of the goals.

The other Wycombe hero When Bates was fouled in the was Jack Tomlin, whose impenalty area five minutes later, pish ball control and formid-able know-how, earned him kick specialist, made no mistake.

the biggest cheer of the night when the medals were presented.

Three Wycombe goals in the first 25 minutes killed Oxford hopes and although City shared the remainder of the game with their super-fussy movements they never looked like beating Ken Brown.

Wycombe's "Red Devils"—the familiar colours were given a rest—quickly made the game safe. Trott blasted in a Beck free-kick after four minutes and ten minutes later converted the second of two beautifully-placed and timed Bates passes and "blinded" Staniland.

MAN INSPIRED

The fantastic Bates, showing the confidence of a man inspired, was impossible to stop. After feinting and wriggling down the right wing he made the score 3-0 from the acutest of angles, full back Crossingham helping the ball in.

Only Staniland saved City from one of the biggest lickings of their career as Wycombe kept it up. It as not until the 65th minute that Trott added the fourth goal, leaping high to beat the goalkeeper to a Bates cross. When Bates was fouled in the penalty area five minutes later, Beck, Wycombe's reliable spotkick specialist, made no mistake.